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Let's All Be Realistic

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

PRACTICALLY every young person of my acquaintance who makes any pretense of thinking is trying hard to be realistic. By temperament he may be romantic and idealistic but, if he is, he tries not to let anyone know it. Realism is the word today—clear-eyed, unblinking recognition of life's stern and ugly facts, with no fooling of oneself. Our ancient forefathers feared devils as the cause of evil and every generation dreads its special demons, but ours are of a kind that the mid-Victorians, for example, never would have recognized as devils at all. Pleasing sentimentality, wishful thinking, idealizations, comforting faiths, satisfying optimisms—these are the devils of the new generation. Nothing will do today except realism.

In the realm of theology, for example, the liberals are being soundly trounced now by a group of men who call themselves realists. The trouble which the realists find with the liberals is serious. Against the background of the old theology, with the wrath of God and the fear of hell in the ascendency, the liberals reacted to the opposite extreme. They ceased being grim and became sentimental. They streamlined their theology to reduce wind resistance. With God pictured as a very kindly and affectionate father, with evil understood as only the shadow cast by the sunshine of the good, with progress on this evolving earth happily automatic and inevitable, and with hope for everybody in the world to come, liberals retreated into make-believe and, when they thought about the dark side of life, agreed with Tennyson to "cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt." Well, the realists are fed up with cleaving to the sunnier side of doubt. They say, and I think rightly, that this world is a much wilder, fiercer, profounder place than such superficial liberalism ever took account of and, in view of the factual conditions existing today, they cry: Let us quit this infatuation with the sunnier side of everything and be realistic!

One does not have to live, however, in any special field like theology to feel the pressure of this prevalent

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demand. No man can escape it. Even when he is unaware of it, it presses on him like the atmosphere, over fourteen pounds to the square inch. Our modern novels and dramas strain after realism, especially in realms like sex, crime and psychopathic abnormality. In many of our new biographies it is obvious that nothing makes a biographer so happy as to find some forgotten area of his hero's life where he can exploit a hitherto unknown sin or psychoanalyze an unguessed perversion. Even in our new autobiographies the influence of this Zeitgeist is manifest in a type of exhibitionism which a generation ago would have been incredible. As for our new music, where are the tunes and melodies and harmonies of our sentimental forebears? Such music, we are told, does not correctly represent the way the world actually sounds. The world factually is full of cacophonies, discontinuities, feverish and raucous noises; let music even be realistic! Everywhere one looks, one finds this demand for realism.

Many years ago there sat in the congress of the United States a North Carolina mountaineer who represented Buncombe county. He was a long-winded, platitudinous speaker, and toward the close of the debate on the Missouri Question, when the house was clamoring for the vote, he insisted on making a verbose address, on the ground that he had to make a speech for Buncombe. Unwittingly he put a new word into our English dictionaries; you will find it there, "Buncombe." And of late years another word has derived from that, "debunk," to deflate sentimentality, strip romantic disguises from ugly facts, and force people to be realistic. That word represents an influence so prevalent in our time that even trying to live a Christian life requires that one should understand it and come to terms with it.

THE REALISM OF THE BIBLE

No such movement would have gotten under way had it not been needed. Healthy realism is a great asset. Indeed, is not the Bible one of the most realistic books in the world? There is no use this morning selecting a special text. The whole Book is a text. Pick out, if you can, a single area of human life about which the Bible does not talk candidly. Its frankness about sex passion is notorious, from terrible stories like Judah and Tamar to murderous tragedies like David's love for Bath-sheba. No modern war diary can be much more realistic than the Bible is in many a passage about the brutalities of battle. As for human abnormalities, have you recently read Paul's catalogue of the pagan vices in the letter to the Romans? Or if you have thought that the Bible is a book of wishful thinking, have you read the way the early Christians used to cheer themselves with memories of the heroes of the faith who were stoned, sawn asunder, slain with the sword? Or if anybody supposes that the religion of the Bible in its origin is sentimental, let him read the story of the crucifixion. That starting point and abiding center of Christianity should assure us that when it comes to realism the Bible overpasses us. No, my friends, these spiritual humming birds, who flit about the Bible and suck sweetness here and there from the 23rd Psalm or the 13th chapter of First Corinthians, do not understand the Book. If it were only with a view to comprehending the Scriptures, one might cry: Let us all be realistic!

This matter, however, is much more urgent on our lives than that. Here this morning, in this Christian sanctuary, where often, I doubt not, our souls are tempted to retreat into a vague idealism, let us consider certain areas of life with which as Christians we should be concerned and where there is no chance of getting anywhere if we are not realistic.

SEEING WAR REALISTICALLY

For one thing, we never will escape from our breakdown of moral standards in the relationships between men and women unless we are realistic. After my last Armistice day sermon, a young man said to me, "I know one major reason why I am against war," and when I asked him what it was, he put his finger on a very realistic fact: war kills off the men—10,000,000 known dead soldiers, 3,000,000 additional supposed dead soldiers in the world war. Start with more women than men anyway in a population and where does that leave us? Will you think realistically through the consequence on personal morals of that fact? What is the use of sentimentally lamenting the appalling increase of homosexuality on one side or promiscuous sensuality on the other if we go on with war? Then, after war comes the economic debacle, and among other catastrophes this means millions of young people who dare not marry. Here in this church on Wednesday nights we are having a series of addresses on Christianity's Stake in the Economic Situation, and it is turning out to be one of the most stimulating courses we have ever had, but some things I would have thought of saying first no one has thought of saying yet. Christianity's stake in the economic situation for one thing is all tied up with what the economic situation does to millions of young people who love each other and cannot marry.

One young man of unimpeachable character and ability, two years out of college and never a steady job yet, tried to tell me the other day that he was endeavoring to make the best of it, to keep his chin up, not to let the disappointment and the strain break his morale. Then he started another sentence. "I said to my girl," he began. I don't know yet what he said to his girl for, despite his determination to keep his chin up, he broke down when he started on that. Nothing much more arouses one's indignation than elderly sentimentalists who, softly cushioned themselves, shake their heads over the informal liaisons into which young people enter on every side, and ask me whether I do not think it lamentable. Of course I think it lamentable and I would do everything in my power to keep my young friends from getting into these alleys that lead them into misery. But the more important fact is that the young people themselves think it lamentable. They too want homes. They too want children. Do we elderly headshakers think the young people like this situation? But if we of the older generation are going on with war and with an economic order which gives to youth no opportunity or security, we cannot expect high standards of personal morality except in a selected group. That is the realistic fact.

Again, we will never get rid of war itself unless we

stop being sentimental about it. War is supported among the great masses of the population mainly by sentimentality, martial music, gay uniforms, massing of the colors, the romanticizing of what goes on in war and, above all else, by emotional appeals to patriotism, as though patriotism and war were synonymous. I think some of the pleas for militarism this last Armistice day —alas, some of them from Christian pulpits!—were about as sentimental slush as a man could listen to. Yes, and a New York newspaper that reported them gave us on the same day an editorial on a most realistic piece of news about war. It said that the war department now has a proposal before it that henceforth all American soldiers shall be tattooed in four places. The reason for this is that in the last war the soldiers were blown into such small pieces that, poor fellows, their tags were lost so that they could not be identified. Now the hope is that if we tattoo each American boy in four places, on both shoulders and both hips, there may be some chance of finding enough of a boy so that his family can be told of his death. That is war and if we could get people realistically to see that that *is* war we might get some concerted good sense about it.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Even yet, however, there are lovely ladies who will say sweetly to a man, "Wouldn't you die for your country?" I know the answer to that. Yes, I'd *die* for my country. But that is not the realistic question about war. The realistic question is: Wouldn't you *kill* for your country, screw your bayonet into another man's abdomen, bomb a city and indiscriminately murder mothers and children, let loose poison gas into a population, and so on and so on? To which realistic question I have a realistic answer: No, I am not willing to do that for my country and, for one reason, because all the evidence points conclusively to the fact that such mass murder does no benefit to my country but only plunges her along with her enemies into irretrievable disaster, so that anybody who realistically loves his country will strive to defend her, not by war—you cannot defend any good thing by war—but against war. That is the realistic fact.

UGLY ECONOMIC FACTS

Again, we certainly need realism in looking on and dealing with the economic situation in this country. If we continue thinking in selfish class terms, being loyal to class interests, fighting for class privileges, owners and white collar workers on one side, mechanics and hand laborers on the other, possessors of our natural resources and our great agglomerations of machines on one side, the disinherited upon the other, we are bound to have two powerful economic groups—alas! one sees their outlines growing clearer now—ready to join in a class war which may ruin our democracy. That is the realistic fact. Here, this morning, practically all of us are naturally allied with one class rather than the other. That is the tragedy in Protestantism. But all the more on that account, we ought to say to our consciences some realistic things. Beware in days like these how we think selfishly in class terms and fight for our class privileges. Beware, for example, how we talk about the glory of the liberties bequeathed us by our sires and about the necessity of retaining them, in a country where today millions of our fellow citizens already are convinced that through economic impoverishment all the liberty that amounts to anything has been taken from them.

There was a famous actress once, Charlotte Cushman, who used to greet her friends at her Newport villa by saying, "This is Liberty Hall; every one does as *I* please." So! I speak for the workers, for the poor and the disinherited of this nation. When they hear a preacher in a church like this plead for the retention of our liberties, when they hear an organization like the American Liberty League, sponsored by the powerful, going out to fight for the retention of our liberties, they think they hear the accent of that actress; they think we mean America is to be Liberty Hall, where everybody does as we please.

My friends, if we are on the more fortunate side of this economic issue and have any realism, we had better use it now. Of course, we ought to be concerned about liberty. There never was a time in the world's history when eternal vigilance was more surely the price of it. But if we are going to have liberty in this country we must win it, not for a class but for the whole people, and it must be real liberty, based upon approximate equality of condition and distribution of property, without which there is no liberty that is worth the name. That is the realistic fact.

"FLIGHT FROM REALITY"

Certainly, we all of us need realism in dealing with our individual problems. What is that phrase the psychiatrists constantly are using for practically every psychopathic abnormality? "Flight from reality." Think of the most dreadful things that can befall us in mental

unbalance and, in so far as they are acquired, all of them go back to a personality, within itself running into make-believe from some reality that it does not want to face and does not know how to handle.

When one thinks of these many fields where realism is indispensable and then hears a young person say that, as for him, he proposes to be a realist, one prays that he may succeed.

Nevertheless, it is too much to expect that even so fine a thing as realism when it becomes a fad, when as a vogue it runs through a whole generation, from novels that grovel in the gutter to philosophies that forget the soul, it is too much to expect, I say, that such a popular fashion should be without its exaggerations and aberrations. Every Zeitgeist is caricatured. You young people in particular are not in much danger of being sentimentalists. That is not the style. One knows well how cordially you have agreed with what we have been saying about the need of realism in one field after another. That is why one is concerned about you. You are sold on realism. Very well. Then watch your step, for realism is doing lamentable things to some people who are not handling it well. Realism is like arsenic. It is a tonic in grains and a poison in ounces.

Let me put it personally. As a Christian preacher I am doing my best to be realistic in this pulpit during these difficult days, but I have an understanding with my soul about what realism means, and that, in brief, I venture to share with you.

BEAUTY ALSO IS REAL

For one thing, realism is degraded when it slips down into the idea that only ugly things are real. Some people are so afraid of being sentimental and idealistic that they manage their thinking and their living as some men write their novels, as though sewers were the only real things and mountain streams were not real too. A literary critic, dealing with a book by Mr. H. L. Mencken, said that Mr. Mencken's method seemed to be "to collect every kind of folly, ineptitude, perversion and general idiocy out of the daily, weekly and monthly minor press of America, and then to ask the American public what they think of such horrors and stupidity." Now, whether or not that is fair to Mr. Mencken I shall not try to say, but anyone with half an eye can find plenty of realism that is of that character.

If some one says that the trouble with that is lack of idealism, I answer, No, the trouble with that is lack of realism. Slums are real but so are humble and beautiful homes like those from which some of us derived. Sewers are real but so is a brook I know

> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune.

Judas Iscariot is real but so is Jesus Christ. If a man is going to be a realist, let him go through with it!

When Napoleon's dragoons stabled their horses in Milan before Da Vinci's painting of the Last Supper, I suppose they thought they were hard-hearted realists. They are a good picture of some current realism. But now, when Napoleon's dragoons are as dead as the dodo and the thing they stood for is the contempt and ridicule of thoughtful men, the spiritual meanings of the Last Supper which Da Vinci painted shine with undimmed reality in the minds of millions.

Let all realists consider.

POSSIBILITIES ARE REAL

Again, realism is degraded when it squeezes out of a situation the possibilities and so, leaving only the actualities, says that they alone are real, whereas the fact is that the most vital reality in any situation is its possibilities.

Less than forty years ago a young man went, one early evening, into a public library in Dayton, Ohio, and borrowed a book by a German named Lilienthal, who had succeeded in flying in a glider. Orville Wright, sitting that evening till long past midnight enthralled by that book, is worth considering. What were the realities in that situation? What if one had had eyes to see! All the possibilities were part of the realities!

The common idea, therefore, that realism and hopefulness are antithetical terms flies in the face of the facts. The trouble with many of our so-called realists is that they are not realists at all but actualists. That is, they squeeze the possibilities out of every situation and call the stark remainder the real, when the stubborn fact is that the most significant factor in any human situation is to be discovered in the possibilities. Who, then, are the true realists? Not the cynics and the pessimists! Rather, scientists who feel that new idea coming around the corner and head toward it; physicians who know that area of discovery which will be opened up tomorrow and are eager about it; men of social vision who understand that the most significant fact about today is that it is pregnant with unborn things whose time will come; millions of thoughtful people everywhere with their eyes on the possibilities in persons, families, businesses, schools, social causes, giving to them creative faith; and men of the New Testament's faith saying, "Now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be."

If a man is going to be a realist, let him go through with it!

THE REALITY OF SPIRITUAL LIVING

Once more, realism is degraded when it becomes materialistic, physically minded, as though men were body and not soul, and needed merely or mainly new physical implements to employ instead of deeper faiths and motives to employ them with. I am jealous about that fine word "realism" and do not like to see it walked off with as it so commonly is today by people holding a low view of human nature, as though they said: Come now, be realistic; man is a brute. We who believe profoundly in the supremacy of the spiritual life, who see no hope for the race except in deepening quality there, and who have seen the high meanings of the spiritual life supremely unveiled in Christ, are commonly dismissed today as sentimentalists and wishful thinkers. But consider the facts. Can you imagine any wishful thinking more incredible than this, that regarding man as "a peripatetic chemical laboratory driven about by a sex impulse," as another put it, we should suppose that he could do anything with the tremendous powers which science confers except work disaster? A peripatetic

He summed it up in the sentence: "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." Beware when you are merely doing what has become the thing to do. The real excitement of life is far out beyond that where you can be what the average man thinks it is foolish to be. "If a man compels you to go one mile, go with him two. If a needy man steals your cloak, give him your coat also. If your enemy hungers, feed him. Return good for evil instead of repaying it in kind. As ye would that men should do unto you, so do ye unto them."

No wonder that people said of such a teacher: "He hath a devil, and is mad." To try to soften these teachings down into common sense, is to miss the whole point. This was Jesus' way of answering those who asked how

Robert Russell Wicks

good a sensible man needed to be. Suppose a man of the street asked a scientist how much a sensible man needed to know. The reply would be: "There is no upper limit—the quest goes infinitely beyond what we know now; you must be devoted to the unattainable just for the fun of it." In exactly the same way in the moral realm, there is no upper limit. There is always something infinitely better to be beyond the way we already behave. If you are devoted only to that which is expedient now, you become merely conventional, and live a stagnant life, like Mrs. Macawber, who, according to her genial spouse, always seemed to be in statu quo. "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect," said Jesus; which is another way of saying: "If you want to know the fun of living, keep yourself committed in every situation to the best that could possibly be, for that alone can call out all you might become." "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever"—taking the chance to be a person devoted to the unattainable best, just for the fun of being a pioneer.

After all, the whole world has been questioning the worth of a merely sensible way of living. What was practical proved to be not nearly good enough. Some time ago a life of Jesus was written by a business man. It was an attempt to make Jesus' way of life seem sensible, according to the prevailing standards of business efficiency before the depression, when they were supposed to be efficient. This way of interpreting Christ is apt to be colored by the Rotarian interpretation of the golden rule. Be nice to people so that they will be better customers of yours. Be considerate of your employes, for it is good business to keep them satisfied. Love your enemies and do good to them, that you may make them friendly to what you want to do and so save yourself the trouble of fighting them. This enlightened selfishness is good up to a point and has a proper place, but it cannot carry us far enough. It is not what Jesus was talking about. In the end it is apt to develop a sort of Uriah Heep philosophy of life by which you become humble and useful with your own end in view.

Only recently a young professor surprised me by saying that this attempt to compromise with Jesus' absolute ideal of life, in order to make it immediately workable, robbed devotion of its real power. He felt that being loyal to what was infinitely beyond our present attainment has ever been the secret of power in men like Gandhi, St. Francis, and all the pioneers who have defied the present state of things. If we are obsessed with what is now possible, we become involved in what is temporary and inadequate and disappointing. Taking the chance to become more than a sensible person, is the only way life becomes significant.

A WORLD WRONG SIDE UP

This is, I think, what Thornton Wilder is trying to say in his recent book, "Heaven's My Destination." The author gives us the story of a man trying to do good to everybody, but who is so ridiculous about it that he defeats his purpose and makes himself a laughing stock for the cynics. He is a middle-class book agent, who was converted in some old-fashioned soul-saving campaign, and who practices his evangelism on all whom he meets. Having studied Christ and Gandhi, he endeavors to live without compromise for the will of God in every situation, and generally makes a fool of himself with the best of intentions. He refuses to take his interest from the bank because he does not think that money should earn money. His declaration that the banking business is on a false basis lands him in jail, because bystanders who overheard the remark became suspicious and started a run on the bank. He lives in a tough boarding house where his religious principles arouse such hatred that the other boarders beat him up and almost kill him. They tell him he is crazy, and he replies that he would rather be crazy than live in their way. Again he rode in a Jim Crow car and was arrested for believing in the equality of the races; and so on endlessly. Everybody sneered and jeered at him, set him down as a fool, because all his ideas were different. He felt that a college education was not supposed to leave you with ideas just like those of everybody else. The world was in such a mess that evidently its ideas must be pretty largely wrong from top to bottom; and he was trying to start all over again

from the beginning. All the cynics who laughed at his notions had nothing to offer on their part.

The story makes you realize that the smart and clever life of our modern world has been quite wrong-side up, with less and less to offer. In society, the unimportant and second rate have been in the saddle. Everywhere our motives and our thinking have been twisted, and perverted by a passion for profit. Perhaps it is time we recognized how upside down we are. Perhaps more of us will have to seem foolish to our friends if we would help set this world right side up again. Certainly, with all our privilege and training and Christian heritage, we ought to live something more than a merely sensible existence.

> Come, let us lay a crazy lance in rest
> And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!
> For who would live so petty and unblest
> He dare not tilt at something ere he die
> Rather than, screened by safe majority,
> Prolong his little life to little ends,
> And never raise a rebel battle cry?

DEVOTION TO THE UNATTAINABLE

In closing let me say that the unassailable chance to be something rests finally in this devotion to that which is infinite and unattainable. This devotion is religious in quality and helps one understand why there has always been something indefinite about religious faith. Religious people have welcomed this indefiniteness as part of the profound comfort of faith. Connecting with the unattainable, you do not get a clear-cut photograph of God, but you do have a real experience of being judged and challenged by what is infinitely more than your best. You are made to know that you ought not to be just as you are. You are made to realize that there is some right way before we discover it or make it practical or know how people will respond to it. You are compelled to recognize that the outworking of all that ought to be is certainly in hands greater than our own. Even when Christ has made this higher will of God more plain, it still remains indefinite in particular situations and its outcome is always beyond our sight. Just this margin of vagueness is what helps us live wtih patience and optimism and freedom. More is being done than we can ask or think. Therefore, we can be devoted to the unattainable without calculation, just for the fun of it. We can do our bit without envy of those who can contribute more than we can. We can welcome the correction of our ideals over and over, and never be fooled by some romantic Utopia just ahead. We can be faithful in little things whose worth we never can measure. We can live with abandon, and represent more than can be put into practice now. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and live no more than a sensible existence?

Heaven in My Hand

I LOOKED for Heaven, high on a hill,
Heaven where mighty towers stand;
Then emptied my hands of gold to fill
The empty hands of others—and still
Had gold, with Heaven in my hand.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

What Is Right?

BY ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE

IT has fallen to our lot to live in a time of no little intellectual and moral confusion. Long ago when Jesus declared that he had come to bear witness to the truth, Pilate asked, "What is truth?" It has been supposed that on his lips that question appeared in jest. But it is not in jest that it appears upon ours; nor is it in jest that our generation is asking, What is right?

Conscience, we have discovered, is by no means an infallible guide. Indeed, the modern cliche, "Let your conscience be your guide," is likely to produce a cynical laugh. Yet I am personally convinced that conscience is a far better guide than many people now suppose. At least it may be. In that which we call conscience there are, it appears, two factors. There is the conviction that one ought to do what is right; and there is usually an accompanying judgment as to what the right is. Well, consider for a moment this imperious conviction that one ought to do what is right. Whence and why this inescapable sense of obligation? There is a mystery here, in which there is something suggestive of divinity, an urge that is not human merely but cosmic, a moral order which men do not create but only discover.

CONSCIENCE AND RIGHT

Consider also the judgment of conscience as to what the right is. We moderns are often reminded of the fact, as no doubt we need to be, that the voice of conscience, ordinarily, is simply the voice of the social group to which we belong. On dispassionate examination it is found to bear an interesting resemblance to the voice of Wall Street or Main Street, the Navy League or the League for Industrial Democracy, the Junior League or the League of Women Voters, the American Legion or the Daughters of the American Revolution. From this fact the inference has been drawn that conscience is always and only the voice of some crowd which, concerned to advance its own views if not its own interests, says to the individual, "You ought," and says it so persistently that he finally chimes in with an "I ought," and then naively supposes that he has had an original, perhaps even a divine, flash of moral insight. But this explanation, though it may account for much that goes by the name of conscience, does not account for all. If conscience is nothing more than the voice of the "herd," why is it that once and again it vigorously protests against herd opinion? Here are powerful governments, fully supported by public opinion, ordering young men to go to war, saying to them: "In the name of country, of civilization, of God, you ought to do so." And here are conscientious objectors, in disregard of public opinion, saying to powerful governments: "On the contrary, in the name of country, of civilization, of God, we ought not to do so." In history, once and again, society has said, "You ought"; to which some individual, seeking to be true to the dictates of his own conscience, has replied: "I ought not. Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me."

Conscience is not always the voice of the herd. Nor is it merely "an echo of racial experience." For how,

then, could it discover new forms of moral obligation? As a matter of fact, it does not merely endorse the moral findings of the past; it does occasionally report some new finding, as for example the judgment that war is sin. Hitherto war has been called a number of things, including hell; but not until our day has anyone stood up to call it sin.

Like any other sense this sense of right which we commonly call conscience may be cultivated, as, of course, it needs to be. For no man is born with a fully developed sense of right any more than he is born with a fully developed sense of truth or of beauty. How, then, may conscience be developed until it becomes if not infallible at least greatly reliable as a guide to conduct?

There are, it appears, certain dangers to be avoided, of which one is the conclusion that anything which everybody is doing must be "all right." Antecedently, one might suppose that no one is likely to come to such a conclusion. How could any intelligent person suppose for a moment that a question of right and wrong may safely be left to popular vote? Nevertheless, what we are now considering is a very real danger, as you may discover for yourself if some day you find yourself reflecting that nearly everybody you know is cheating in examinations, or gambling in stocks, or flirting with someone else's wife or husband, or drinking, and occasionally getting a little drunk. Were you brought up in the belief that such things were wrong? Perhaps. Have you yourself hitherto supposed that they were not exactly right? Perhaps. All the same you may find yourself thinking that what everybody is doing cannot be very wrong.

THE "SENSIBLE" WAY OF LIVING

There is, of course, a fallacy here. In fact, there are two assumptions that need to be challenged. One is the assumption, already noted, that a question of right and wrong may safely be settled by popular vote. The other is the assumption that because people whom one happens to know or chances to meet are doing thus and so, therefore everybody is doing it. In that assumption there may be as much truth as there is in the somewhat humorous statement, occasionally found on society pages of daily newspapers during the summer months, that everybody is out of town. (Even in New York city during the four summer months everybody is out of town!) As a matter of fact, when it comes to cheating in examinations or gambling or philandering or drinking and getting a little drunk, not everybody is doing it. Not even everybody who counts for anything is doing it. Indeed, one might venture to guess that not everybody whose name appears on somebody's social register is doing it. And even though that guess should prove to be wrong, it would by no means follow that "it" was right. People whose names appear upon social registers may have a good deal to do with the making of the laws of the land, but they do not make the laws of life. They may decide what is fashionable; they do not decide what is right.

Similar to this all-too-convenient plea that everybody is doing it is the sweeping generalization that everybody is selfish, chiefly motivated by desire for personal gain, incapable of seeking first the common good of all. This, of course, is not true, as innumerable examples to the contrary may serve to remind us: William Wilberforce, for example, and Lord Shaftesbury and Abraham Lincoln and Louis Pasteur and Robert Owen and Jacob Riis, not to mention Jesus of Nazareth. But if we do not allow them to remind us; if, on the contrary, we think only of people of whom it does appear to be true that they are seeking only to feather their own nests, then, of course, we may find an excuse for any amount or kind of selfishness in ourselves. If everybody is out for what he can get, why should we be ashamed of our own motivation? If everybody is selfish, selfishness must be natural; and being natural, it must be right.

ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE

Here we come upon an old trick which recently has been given a new name. In times past human beings used occasionally to deceive themselves, or to speak a little less politely they used occasionally to lie to themselves. Today they rationalize. Which sounds as if we were getting on, until you consult a glossary of psychological terms and discover that the meaning of rationalization is "the production by the mind of reasons to explain conduct which have no relation to the actual psychical causes of the conduct in question." Which turns out to be only a very learned way of saying a very simple thing, well known to the ancients, namely, that human beings may persuade themselves that black is white or at least gray.

Few of us do wrong deliberately with our eyes wide open to the fact that what we are doing *is* wrong. We first find some plausible reason for supposing that what we are tempted to do is not wrong, a feat which we accomplish by the simple process of closing our minds to any disturbing, contradictory fact. Thus we tell our-

selves that "everybody is doing it," refusing to take cognizance of the fact that numbers of people are not doing it and would not, under any circumstances, consent to do it. Or we may tell ourselves that everybody is engaged in selfish competition, refusing to admit the fact that there is now an increasing number of persons who appear to be ready for, if not actually engaged in, unselfish cooperation. Or we may persuade ourselves that a divorce, which we really want for some other and very personal reason, would be a good thing for the children, refusing to face the fact, now well established, that divorce-broken homes contribute to society a greatly disproportionate number of juvenile delinquents and that in most, if not all, cases divorce involves children in terrific emotional disturbance and mental pain. From all of which it would seem to follow that one rule for the development of conscience is, "Don't lie to yourself"; or, to state it positively and in classic phrase:

> This above all—to thine ownself be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

"CONVENTIONAL" MORALITY

Another rule which has much to commend it is to reflect long and carefully upon the testimony of racial experience, a testimony which is now often dubbed "conventional morality" or "the moral views of the herd" but which, after all, may represent something which at terrible cost, through bitter experience, the human race has discovered concerning the laws of life—laws which man does not make nor with impunity disregard. "Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?" There are those who would have us believe that what that represents is a harsh, ill-considered attempt to impose upon human nature an unnatural obligation and restraint. Yet the tragic result of the opposite view is written large on the front pages of newspapers day after day! There is good reason to suppose that the Christian conception of marriage represents a discovery which, after centuries of experimentation, man finally made concerning the only relationship between the sexes which offers a lasting opportunity for happiness, emotional stability and spiritual development.

It is a fact, however, that many things once thought to be true have turned out to be false—that is, not in accord with fact; many things once thought to be right have proved to be wrong—that is, personally and socially harmful. It follows, therefore, that we must be prepared for new insights, new discoveries of moral obligation. But in order to make sure that what we are proposing to do does represent some new and valid discovery of what is right, we shall need to devise and faithfully employ certain tests.

One such test may well be publicity. Is what I am proposing to do something I can afford to do openly, or is it something I would feel obliged to do clandestinely? There are doubtless a few cases where the need of secrecy is no condemnation. "Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily, I say unto you, They have received their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly." Yet in this case if not only your left hand but your whole community should presently discover what your right hand has done, you would have no reason to hang your head in shame. And that, of course, is the meaning of this publicity test. Is what I am proposing to do something of which I would have no reason to feel ashamed if the whole community—including the wisest and best people I know—should learn of it?

TODAY'S ACT AND TOMORROW'S VALUES

Another test might be phrased in this fashion: Is what I am proposing to do in the line of my own fullest and finest development? You and I, as all men, are a strange mixture of dust and divinity. Part of us, undeniably, is of the earth earthy; and no less undeniably there is another part of us that is capable of rising above the earth and holding communion with the stars. We have something in common with the beasts of the field—appetites and needs which we cannot deny and of which we have no reason to be ashamed, inasmuch as they provide the indispensable condition of physical existence and survival. We have other capacities, however, which do not appear in any beast of the field. Not only may we hunger and thirst after righteousness; we may hunger and thirst after truth and beauty, after art and literature, music and friendship, after social justice and international peace. Advisedly I say we *may,* for, alas! it is possible for a man to remain upon the level of the beasts of the field, acknowledging only such appetites and needs as they have. It is even possible for him to sink lower than the brute level, his superior intelligence enabling him to devise cruelties, corruptions and dark perversions unknown to tigers, cattle or pigs. One needs, therefore, to be very sure that what he is proposing to do is not something which will tend to drag him down to the animal level but rather something which will tend to lift him up toward those shining heights of mind and spirit to which, as a man, he may and should aspire. In the making of any important decision, it is desirable to look ahead, considering the far consequences, asking onself: What in the way of happiness, contentment, intellectual achievement, personal worth is likely to be the final outcome of this choice?

A third test, surely, would be this: Is what I am proposing to do in line with the highest welfare of other people the world around? In his "Peace With Honor," A. A. Milne, brilliant English poet and playright, says frankly and unequivocally that he is against war, adding: "By this I mean that I think war wrong; as I think cruelty to children wrong; as I think slavery and the burning of heretics wrong; as I think the exploitation of the poor wrong, and the corruption of the innocent." Further he writes: "The prime minister and Sir John Simon think that modern war is disastrous; I think that war is wrong. The Pope and the Archbishop of Can-

terbury think that modern war is horrible; I think that war is wrong. Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere think that modern war puts too great a burden on the taxpayer; I think that war is wrong." Here we are introduced to a vast field of momentous discussion, but for the present all I am concerned to say is that anything that destroys or injures human life is *wrong*. It is right to be kind; it is wrong to be cruel. It is right to help people; it is wrong to hurt people. It is right to serve; it is wrong to exploit. It is right to save life; it is wrong to destroy life.

Whatever destroys or injures human life is wrong. It is not simply to be regretted or deplored or bewailed. It is to be given up, refused and resisted. That must be and is the verdict of any honest mind. And if only that verdict were given its proper place in present-day thinking there would be vastly less of self-deception, of dishonest and cowardly rationalization in the home, in business, in industry and politics, to say nothing of international diplomacy.

Here, then, is a third and most illuminating test of the moral character of any act or policy: Is it in the line of the highest welfare of other people the world around? And still another test (which is not wholly other!) may be put in this way: Is what I am proposing to do in harmony with the will of God as it has been revealed to me through the great prophetic figures of history and, above all, through that supreme figure of a Man dying on a cross to the end that future generations might have life and have it abundantly? That cross—if only now and then we will stop long enough to look at it; if only when we are sorely tempted we shall not allow ourselves to make any decision until we have looked at it—will keep us from stumbling and will give us as much in the way of valid ethical insight as we are ever likely to get in this world.

Action in a World of Chaos

By Paul Hutchinson

II Kings 6:32-7:20.

IN all Israel's folklore there are few incidents more spectacular than this. Here we have the besieged capital, its inhabitants reduced to cannibalism. In this capital is the prophet, Elisha, who—probably because he has counseled resistance to the invading hosts—is held responsible by the king for the misery of the people. The king, in desperation, confronts the prophet, demanding a change in policy. Or in other words, I suppose, demanding the prophet's approval for opening negotiations of surrender. The prophet asks for a continuation of the defense instead, and makes this promise: "By this time tomorrow two pecks of barley shall be sold for a shekel, and a peck of fine flour for a shekel." Whereupon the officer at the king's hand scoffs at such a possibility, only to be blasted by the prophet's promise that while it shall happen as he has foretold, and the king's officer shall see it happen, he shall not—because of his skepticism—partake of the plenty which is to follow the famine.

Then comes the panic of the besiegers, and their flight from their camp; the discovery of the deserted camp by the leper-beggars; the looting of the camp by the people in their frenzy of joy; and the death of the skeptical officer, trampled under the feet of the exultant mob as it swept through the gate which he had been set to guard, intent only on plundering the wealth and the food which the enemy had left behind. "And it came to pass, as the man of God had spoken to the king, saying, Two measures of barley for a shekel, and a measure of fine flour for a shekel, shall be tomorrow about this time in the gate of Samaria; and that captain answered the man of God, and said, Now, behold, if the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such a thing be? and he said, Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof: it came to pass even so unto him; for the people trode upon him in the gate, and he died."

What we have here is, in the terms of this old story in which all the characters except Elisha are anonymous, a depiction of a recurring experience in all times of crisis. And I have made it my text because it seems to me to depict a problem and to press home a truth which, far from being confined in its significance to the dim past, has a vital relation to the academic communities of our own time. For what we have here is really the problem of action in a world of chaos, and the protagonists in the drama which was played out within the walls of Samaria in the presence of the invading hosts of Syria are also the protagonists in the drama which we see being played out in our own beleaguered society in the presence of the forces of doom which seem to be pressing so inexorably upon us.

On the one hand we have the captain of the king's guard. That is to say, of course, the man trained for the hour of siege and battle; the expert, if you will; the man on whom king and nation would naturally rely in such an hour. And on the other hand we have the prophet. That is to say, the champion of intangibles; the man whose leadership depends on a faith in something that you can't get into the objective equation. And here when crisis comes, when chaos is about to engulf the community, the captain is so overwhelmed by a sense of the forces against which he is fighting that he loses hope, falls into cynicism, and is overwhelmed when mighty forces break loose on his own side whose possibility he had denied. While the prophet goes down in the record as the great figure who kept hope alive, kept the fighting going, and was vindicated by the outcome.

II.

In other words, it is the old story of the defeat of the trained man, of the intellectual, if you will, and of the triumph of the man of faith, the man who lives by that fundamental religious instinct which rests on a belief that the order of the universe, the weight of history, is on his side. If I had time I could sketch a dozen historical analogies. But I am sure that you understand what I have in mind. It is the contrast between Erasmus and Luther; between Horace Greeley and Abraham Lincoln; between Kresensky—or perhaps, better,

Milukov—and Lenin. We bewail our ignorance—and we have plenty of reason for doing so—but it is worth reminding ourselves, particularly those of us who live in academic communities, that there are times when a man can be reduced to impotence by knowing too much. When chaos comes upon us, when crisis requires action, there is such a thing as seeing so many alternatives and so many shortcomings in any proposed line of action that one becomes incapable of doing anything. If you visit Russia today, and look at that vast revolutionary scene with seeing eyes, one thing which I am sure will impress you is the pettiness of the part played by the old liberal intelligentsia in the period of transition and agony, with the resulting bitterness of the fate which overtook them.

But the dismaying reflection is forced upon us that something akin to this seems *always* to be the fate of the intellectual in a period of chaos. The very training which his mind has received, which involves him in a constant balancing of factors and criticism of proposals, operates to betray him. When the desperate need of the community demands action, he is so torn between different courses, and is so acutely aware of the deficiencies of *all* the proposed courses, that he is incapable of doing anything. He damns a Huey Long or a Milo Reno, but the best he has to contribute to the salvation of the dispossessed share-cropper of the cotton belt or the bankrupt farmer of the corn belt is an essay to be printed in the New Republic on the palliative nature of many of the policies of the AAA. And as a result, we who live in a period of crisis surpassing any which mankind has known since the break-up of the Roman world order, discover that the characteristic atmosphere in intellectual circles is despair.

Well, the intellectual counters, why not? What else is possible? How can a man honestly face such a chaos as this in which we find ourselves and not despair? These are not questions which can be lightly dismissed, and the more we know about our world and our times the more difficulty we find in escaping from this impotence of despair.

Look at a few of these things which the intelligent man, the trained man, the captain of the king's guard, sees as he peers out over the walls of our beleaguered human citadel. He sees the impersonal and implacable nature of vast economic forces and processes which are grinding men into the dust. He sees the selfishness and brutality of states, driven by their overmastering fears to an acceptance of the tenets of an exclusive nationalism. He sees man himself with such puny defenses to raise against an advancing doom that his figure becomes one for jest rather than tragedy. Consequently we have the curve of intellectual reaction to our surrounding chaos moving from a Bertrand Russell who, in his "Free Man's Worship," can write of man in "firm and unyielding despair" still standing upright to defy his fate, a tragic if defeated figure, to a Joseph Wood Krutch who, in his "Modern Temper," finds that man is not only doomed to defeat, but that he is so petty, so farcical a figure that even his defeat loses all dignity.

Now that is the mood which we are rapidly approaching in educated circles in this country. Most of us do not feel it so deeply or express it so compellingly as a Bertrand Russell or a Joseph Wood Krutch. But the despair, with the corroding cynicism that goes with it, is none the less characteristic of us. You can find it behind the teacher's desk in a thousand university and college classrooms today. Indeed, it seems to me that the dominant characteristic of younger college faculty members as I meet them is this mood of cynicism growing out of their despair, or at least what they declare is their despair. Men of this sort sit behind their teaching desks by the hundreds, ready to throw cold water on the first sign of passion or enthusiasm which may appear among their students, meeting every exclamation at the plight of modern man with a weary smile, a lifted eyebrow, a listless quotation of Emerson's "Why so hot, little man?", and an assurance—gained in the rarefied atmosphere of the faculty club—that whatever may be attempted will prove useless, that whatever may be done will prove wrong.

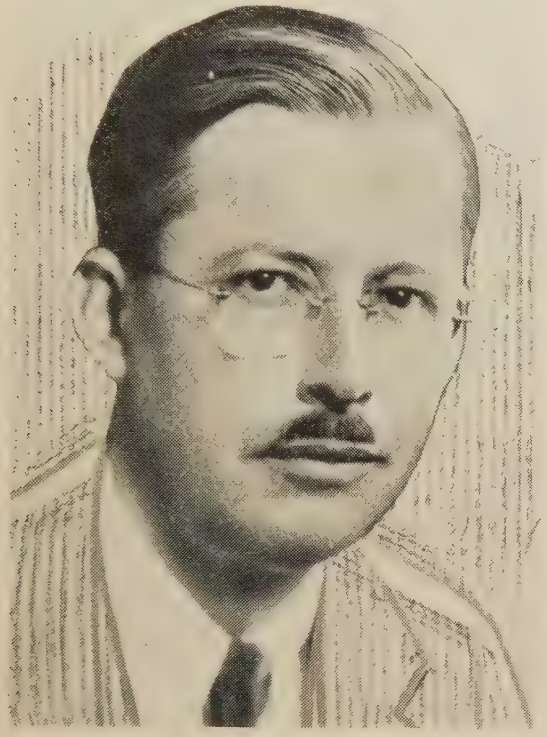
Nor is this mood confined to the members of faculty clubs. It is a mood that infects many of their students by the time they have finished their courses, and grows upon them as they battle desperately, often unsuccessfully, to find a place for themselves in the chaos of modern society. And the reason why the mood is so widespread, we must recognize, is because there is so much about contemporary life which justifies it. In fact, that can be put more strongly. The reason for this mood of despair is the fact that there is so little in contemporary life which justifies anything *but* despair. To the trained eye of the captain of the king's guard, the Syrian army has the city thoroughly surrounded, and is in complete control of the situation, and it is nonsense for the wild-eyed prophet to talk as though the facts in the case were other than they obviously are. But the result, let us be well aware, of accepting the captain's verdict is to immobilize us and make us impotent in an hour when something deep within us protests against such a fate.

III.

Deeply as we rebel against such a fate, however, it needs much more than any word of easy optimism, or any too facile attempt to disguise and dismiss the realities of contemporary life, to save us. There would be nothing gained by my coming here to tell you that the Syrian forces are *not* camped around the beleaguered citadel of man's hopes today, for many of you have already found them there, and all of you will presently do so. You will find so much stupidity, so much greed, so much brutality, so much injustice operating in almost every phase of life that the very idea of living a rewarding or creative career grows hard to hold. You will find it so seldom possible to act completely as you desire, because of conditions over which you have no control, that soon you will begin to question the value of trying to shape your course and act at all. Why not just take things as they come, ride with the tide, and be content to hope that the whole experience of existence simply won't prove too unpleasant?

I have no difficulty in understanding how men fall into that sort of mood, for I frequently find myself falling into it. It is all very well to talk about the need for retaining the power to act, but how *can* a man act in a

period like today's? Certainly he can have no hope of seeing what the outcome of his labors is to be. Certainly he can be sure that the things he tries to do amid the current confusion, and when ultimate goals are so hidden, will be full of mistakes. And certainly there will be few who can follow even what *seems* to them an ideal course without making frequent compromises. We all make compromises; even Gandhi has done so on occasion, and there are few who will come as close as the Indian mahatma has to an undeviating following of the course we have marked out for ourselves. If these things are true—if we can't see where we are coming out on many of the things we attempt, if we can't be



PAUL HUTCHINSON

sure that what we are doing is wise or right in many instances, if we can't even be sure that we will be able to hold to the line which has seemed wise and right—how can a man find courage and will to act at all?

It seems to me that is a fair question. And it is a question I am trying to help you find an answer for when I say, as I do this morning, that the motive for action is to be found in the prophetic rather than the academic tradition. For by that I mean that, if we are to find a basis of action in such a period of chaos as the present, it is required of us that we make one fundamental postulate of faith, and that is the prophet's postulate. That postulate is the worth of humanity, and the worth of human history.

In the face of all contradictory evidence the prophet maintains that man and his history is not a mere accident, much less a predestined failure, but that he is on his way to a better level of living. A cooling planet? A burned-out sun? A victim of the second law of thermodynamics? It is far too early to seek an answer to such questions. If, ultimately, the answer goes against us it must be, as Sir James Jeans has reminded us, in terms of millions upon millions of years. But *now*, within such comprehensible time limits as the human story has so far afforded, the race is going on. *Now* defeat is not inevitable; *now* there is still something worth fighting for, hanging on for despite the encompassing hosts of man's besiegers. For us and our generation, and for those who are to follow us, there *is* to be a tomorrow. Our citadel is *not* to fall.

This is what the prophetic tradition cries to us, drawing its assurance from its basic faith in the worth of man and man's history. And the plea which I am making is that, when you make the postulate on which your life will be based—for a postulate of one kind or another you must make in order to live at all—you choose the prophetic faith which has in it the thing which makes it possible, in the darkest hour and amid the deepest confusion, to keep on acting.

IV.

I hope that it does not seem that in saying this I am talking either romantically or in any mood of uncritical optimism. I know altogether too well that I am not going to see the hopes and aspirations of my own life attained, no matter how long I may go on living. I know that not one of you in this place will see that come to pass. Nor will any living being. Nor our children. Nor our children's children to many, many generations. There is a certain measure of defeat foredoomed for every generation, and ours is one of the generations whose portion of defeat will almost certainly be very, very large. Let us face that fact, and acknowledge it.

But is that all? No; it is very far from all. Man himself remains, and the verdict of history—as the prophet reads history; as the eye of faith, the religious eye, reads it—the verdict of history is that man is worth fighting for and is still a long way from final defeat. Is it foolish to read history in those terms? The intellectual says that it is. Listen to Edna St. Vincent Millay, the haunting loveliness of whose lines clutches at one's throat:

> Blench not, O race of Adam, lest you find
> In the sun's bubbling bowl anonymous death,
> Or lost in whistling space without a mind
> To monstrous Nothing yield your little breath;
> You shall achieve destruction where you stand,
> In intimate conflict, at your brother's hand.

Miss Millay says that in one of the group of recent sonnets which she calls, without equivocation, "Epitaph for the Race of Man." And let us realize that, without a doubt, if we accept that reading of man's history, we shall surely die, or our power of action will die, which is the same thing.

But there is an answer to Miss Millay. Robert Nathan begins to make it in a poem recently published in Harpers magazine:

> How oft Columbus, dreaming of Cathay,
> In the night's shadow, lost upon the sea,
> Doubting the stars, and fearful of the day,
> Wept in the cabin of the Saint Marie.
> All was uncertain then, and only he
> Leaned on his sails and fed them to the spray,
> Spreading the waves before him at his knee,
> Drawing the winds behind him on his way.

And shall we then who steer a sturdier bark
Across obedient seas from pole to pole,
Or climb the skies on errands like the lark,
Turn in despair from yet a worthier goal,
And crying "All ahead is death and dark,"
Miss the remoter heavens of the soul?

I am not so greatly concerned at this moment about "the remoter heavens." But I am concerned that you shall retain the power and the will to act today, in the midst of the chaos which drives the intellectual of the Millay type to despair. And I say you do that by making the initial postulate of faith—faith that man's history has worth; that having come so far, he will go farther.

At once I know that there are some of you who stiffen against this idea of an initial postulate, an initial act of faith. But, as I have already said, every one of us makes such an initial act. Even your mathematician, who exemplifies I suppose the closest approach to an "exact" scientist we now know, must begin with his postulate as to the significance of his symbols. There was a time, no longer ago than when I was in college, that those who called themselves "physical scientists" had a tendency to scoff at the rest of mankind and to claim that they alone were dealing with the actualities, the realities, the certainties. Well, the so-called new physics has taken care of such pretensions. It is exactly the physicist who today has *most* difficulty in making up his mind what it is that he is dealing with, and who *most* requires to proceed on the basis of preliminary postulates. We all make our postulates. The question before you is: *What* postulate are you going to proceed on?

The captain of the guard back there in Samaria had his postulate. It was to the effect that the visible enemy, with his control of the highways leading into the city, constituted the total situation. Miss Millay, who stands in the dark outside Charlestown prison while Sacco and Vanzetti are being judicially murdered, who sees the nations blundering toward a new war, also regards things like this—horrible things, and all too many of them—as the total situation today, and accordingly she lashes us: "Detestable race, continue to expunge yourself, die out."

But the prophet inside Samaria had his postulate. He was ready to build on the intangibles. He could no more ignore the evidence of the besieging Syrian army than the captain, but he did not believe that the history of his nation had come to that point to be ended there. There was an intangible in the equation, he insisted, which would assert itself to produce another answer. It did.

I know, as well as anyone here I suspect, the terror and the danger and the chaos of this time. I cannot see how its baffling problems are going to be solved; there are plenty of times when I find it hard to believe that they will be solved at all. But I refuse to believe that the drive of history has carried us thus far from the mire to end now in destruction. There are intangibles in this situation, and the greatest intangible of all is man. Is he detestable? Yes, at times, he is. But he is also, at times, capable of great heroism, great sacrifice, great achievement. And because of that, he is about to enter on greater days than any so far known. What I hope for you is that when those days come you may not, as I fear may be the fate of many a now-disillusioned intellectual, look on the new day but find yourself unable to partake of it.

But What Is Love?

By Edwin McNeill Poteat, Jr.

God is love. 1 John 4:16.

THERE are two propositions about God that can be advanced with less fear of contradiction today than would have been likely thirty years ago. There are voices, whether they are right or not, that speak authoritatively to the present generation, and speak decisively. Their right to speak has been won outside the field of formal religious thought, but on these two major propositions that have distinct religious reference they allow the weight of their intellectual influence to fall. Not that they are dogmatic, or are assertive. It is rather that they feel no compulsion to deny or debate when these ideas are proposed.

The first is that there is something analogous to intelligence behind the world of external phenomena. From observing the behavior of things it is plausible at least to suggest that mind offers an explanation involving the fewest difficulties. Perhaps this hypothesis comes by default. The effort to account for things in terms either of caprice or accident has been largely abandoned. The success of explanations in terms of mere mechanical forces has been less than precise. If a chapel building is no accidental assemblage of atoms; and a chapel service is no mere chemical product, then there may be explanations of these phenomena in terms of mind that do no great violence to orderly thought. And if mind, then mind in quality like our own. For our minds use formulas that describe with perfect accuracy the physical behavior of things, which behavior has been established presumably by the cosmic mind in terms of these very formulas human minds have discovered. What is in my mind may be communicated to you by means of words mutually intelligible. What is in the mind of the universe may be communicated to us by means of formulas that seem also to be mutually intelligible. All of which is to say that when we say God is mind, we encounter less dissent than did those who advocated it thirty years ago.

HOW CAN GOD BE LOVE?

The second proposition derives from the first if one has a fairly accurate historical perspective. It says that this mind knows what it is about, and that things act obedient to some eternal cosmic purpose. Despite detours from the main line and periods of retard and even frustration, "one increasing purpose runs"—or staggers, perhaps—toward a final end, which, though it remains obscure, still animates the nature of things. This is to say that God is purpose as well as mind, or as it is customarily put: God is intelligent will. That statement has in these latter days won a measure of respectability among the social-registerites of the mind.

But to say God is love is quite another matter, and

inescapably provokes stubborn dissent. Intelligence we see, purpose we deduce, but this thing called love we know not. If God is, he is wise; if he is wise he has a purpose, but his purpose seems much of the time to be a strange sort of love, if indeed it is love at all. Either we don't know love, or don't know God. To equate the two invites argument.

But the advocate of Christianity comes back obstinately to declare that God *is* love; and will often go so far as to say he would sooner abandon his faith in God's wisdom and purpose than his love.

If this strikes us as religious sentimentality, we will be annoyed by it. But it may, after all, be more than that. It may indeed be the unconscious urgency of a deep impulse of the spirit of man that seeks for some *moral* quality in God. And as such, the impulse is authentic; for there is no essential moral quality either in intelligence or purpose. Mind and will may be ethically elevated or grossly debased. And though a man whose mind is keen and whose will is cruel may evoke a sort of hypnotic admiration, one cannot love or trust him. And the religious experience of the race seems to have taught us that God must be loved if he is to have us as a field in which his wisdom and will can operate.

But yet when we say today that "God is love," we invite the irritated and often sneering rejoinder, "O yeah. Well if this world is the result of love, then give me hate!" The force of this proposition brings us at once back to the first question we must ask and answer before we can actually plan our lives: Is the universe friendly to my highest impulses, or is it hostile? To say that God has wisdom and design is no answer to that. Only as we convince ourselves that God is love or something else, shall we be able to make adjustments to the purposes we elect for ourselves.

For this reason the word "love" needs rescue today. It has become the monopoly of a long line of individuals that starts with the crooner and ends with the tabloid pornographist. Love has all but suffered the fate of being slain in the house of those who have called themselves its friends.

WHAT LOVE IS

What is love? It is most familiar to us, and first breaks in upon us in the family circle. We know love as a domestic experience. The love between parent and child, and among children, is a beautiful and powerful thing. Its purpose is clear; it seeks to protect the object of its interest. So it has its own special vocabulary: attend, care, forfend, anxiety, solicitude, and so on. Its behavior is distinctive. In the animals it will be ferocious or amazingly cunning in exhibiting its protective impulse; in the human family it may manifest itself in ways that seem the very opposite of love. It will tease, it will punish. And yet it will not—if it is wise—go beyond the point of protection. No wise father or mother can do more than surround the child with protective influences and disciplines. And as such, this filial and domestic love is a force of incalculable strength and loveliness.

But it is not long before love appears to us in another guise. It comes romancing. Friendship which may have begun as a filial impulse may ripen into a romantic passion in which the dominance of the protective urge yields to the imperious desire to possess the object of interest. Romantic love is just that. Winsome, attractive, charming, seductive, precious, are words that express the impulse to proprietorship that gives to romantic love its distinctive quality.

This is an experience quite different from domestic

A Pastoral Prayer

By Albert W. Palmer

O GOD, our Father, with whom there is no variableness neither shadow that is cast by turning, whose light of truth is ever shining upon the hearts and minds of those who are willing to receive it, illumine us this day, as we come to worship Thee.

We remember that the humble and the contrite heart is ever the most acceptable of sacrifices. Give us such hearts, we pray Thee; and, with them, a teachable spirit, that we may not be stubborn in our own conceits or set in our ill-considered ways but may have souls open to Thy truth and responsive to the promptings of Thy Spirit.

We feel that we are living in difficult days when old formulas are no longer adequate, when we must pioneer on new trails and explore new frontiers of thought and common life together. We are beset by extremes of theory and action, and we need desperately to preserve our sanity, our insight, our balanced judgment and yet not lose the explorer's eager quest for the new nor the adventurer's courage to leave the old behind. Do thou, O Lord, in these tumultuous days steady us as by Thine own hand upon us. Give to us the lighted mind and the well-considered courage of those who march breast forward.

Remind us of all the comfort and glory of the past wherein Thou hast not failed us nor our fathers in all the centuries gone by. We would march forward out of the background of grateful acknowledgment that hitherto Thou hast helped us and the continuing faith that in every wilderness Thy presence may be a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night not only in the long ago but here and now.

To this end we invoke Thy special benediction on all schools and colleges, all seminaries and universities, all foundations for research, all those who scan the heavens or explore the land and sea and air or seek better to understand the human mind and the social order. Help us in all our seeking wisdom to find understanding also. Thus may we come to know Thee better and bring our imperfect human ways into closer harmony with the pattern of Thy divine wisdom.

Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

love. It will permit no barrier to stand athwart the road to its heart's desire. It dares not discipline, and it will tease only for some subtler end. It will defy family and code, and resist every impertinent restraint that interposes with rival claim or wise counsel. Domestic love will protect; but romantic love will destroy in order to possess.

Now while there is a quality in domestic love that has lent itself to a congenial explanation of the nature and behavior of God, there is something about it that falls short of satisfying us. Too long have people thought of God as busy simply taking care of his children, and this has led to notions that are both immature and enervating. The fatherhood of God has become—as Bowne of Boston used to say—the grandfatherhood of God; and the picture has been that of a senile gentleman, indulging or thrashing the kids according to the mood of the moment. Moreover when we are told that we must love our enemies because they belong to the family of God, we encounter a task that is often psychologically perilous and even repugnant. At best, the moral quality of the domestic experience might presumably be regarded as incidental.

Quite as inadequate is it to conceive of God's love as a romantic spasm or even a sustained ecstacy of sentiment. God has more to do than to caress us. God is too wise to possess us. Surely God is no jealous, petulant lover, sullen and threatening to a rival. And to think that romancing will save the world, even if God be the romancer, is folly. Or to think that our share in the redemptive program can be exhausted by strumming a ukelele or crooning a tune to this bitter world is nonsense. Neither God nor man can save the world by romance, dear to the heart of us all though our romantic moods may be.

LOVE PERFECTS AND CREATES

But love has another guise. It is less easy to name, but its evidence is unimpeachable. Unlike domestic love it does not seek merely to protect; and unlike romantic love it does not seek to possess. It seeks rather to *perfect* the object of its interest. Perhaps it should be called *creative love,* for if it can create values in the object of its interest, it can be less concerned with the obligation to protect or possess.

This is what the love of music means. It is an energy expressed in making music. It does not merely possess or protect music. It may rise no higher than the rhythm of tap-dancing, or the whistling of a casual tune. Or it may, on the contrary, reach the heights of creative joy in a striving after cadence and harmony, or the composing of a symphony. So Bizet in a cold garret in Paris burns his life out in a tumult of fever, but forgetful of his illness in his love for the score of "Carmen" that flowed from his faltering pen.

So also the love of art will sketch a funny face on a tablet in school or agonize for seventeen years over "The Last Supper" on the damp walls of the refectory of the monastery of Maria delle Grazie. So also the love of literature that constructs an artless rhyme or endures the travail of a great novel's birth. So also the love of truth. "For this cause came I into the world."

Here then is a great moral energy. It aims primarily at the creation of values. No rivalry can poison it, it does not sulk like a lover. No tragedy can deflect it; it does not weep like a parent. It fixes on an object it will create or a person in whom it will achieve some needed good. It will be pained by every destructive tendency, but not daunted by them. It will, in very fact, seek to make use of all the divisive and disruptive impulses that sweep the world. It will even "make the wrath of men to praise him." God does not love the world as a lover, or merely as a brother, but as a creator of good. This is the testimony of the Bible. God looked on the abyss when it was darkness without form, and void. And out of darkness the divine love created light and order "and it was good." With that word the

Edwin McNeill Poteat, Jr.

Bible opens. And it closes with another parable of God making his dwelling among men, and being for them a light and a consolation. "God so loved the world . . ."

Perhaps it needs to be said that, after all, this creative quality of love is not absent from the other types we have discussed. And surely no lesson needs more to be learned than that romantic love to be safe must aim at creativeness; and that domestic love to be sane must do the same. The tragedy of much modern marriage and many modern homes must find an explanation somewhere near here. But it is quite obvious that this creative urge, this divine appetency for good, is of the nature of God and of all those who are born of him.

So if we add to the twin ideas of mind and purpose this third element of creativity, we have a trinity in God that is exempt from the confusion that envelops the more famous formula. Indeed does it not suggest a hint, at least, as to the psychological necessity for the trinitarian formula? God—Wisdom; Holy Spirit—Purpose; Jesus—Creative Love!

For that is what Jesus was. Creative love brings us the sound moral quality that wisdom and purpose do not necessarily have. We do not think Jesus was all-wise; nor that his purpose was never modified during his life. But we are sure that he was all-loving, and it is that which establishes him at the center of the affections of the race.

LOVE AND ETHICS

To those of us, then, who are Christians the word of Paul represents a distinct moral push. "The love of Christ constraineth us" is no pattern of sentimentality. It is the thrust of a great moral imperative. It constrains us to the creation of good in all the objects of our interest.

To illustrate: Here is a race problem to settle in our generation before it scuttles us. To love the members of alien races cannot mean either to get romantic about them or to intermarry in order to achieve some domestic amalgam; erasing, as it were, racial differences by biology. To love the Negro means simply seeing in him an opportunity for the creation of certain goods—justice, mercy and truth—and giving ourselves resolutely to winning them.

Here is the threat of war that grows daily more menacing. To love the Japanese, as God loves the world, doesn't mean to indulge one's self in a silly poetic paroxysm. It may not necessarily mean a *family* of nations. But it emphatically demands something far more exacting and thorough; namely, seeking to bring to Japan all the goods that life promises or holds for us. That will mean scrapping treaties, perhaps. It will certainly mean humbling ourselves. And above all, it will rebuke us sharply if we think we can discharge "the constraint of Christ" toward our so-called enemy nations, by singing lustily about brotherhood.

Here is economic wreckage out of which must be salvaged some wisdom or principle that will establish the peoples of the world in economic security. What can love say to a situation in which bitterness lies so near the surface? It can say nothing if it is romantic, merely feeling sorry for the poor victims of our folly; or indulging extravagantly the anguish of pity, thinking it near enough kin to love to be its proxy here. Nor can love say anything if it is paternalistic. But if it can see in every man the demand for the experience of security that can be ministered to by some renovation or replacement of our economic machinery, and if that love can persevere in setting aside everything in our social structure that despoils or cheapens human life, then love can speak a heartening word, or at least bring to bear some measure of its inexhaustible redemptive energy.

LOVE, WITH DIGNITY

Here is a man I loathe. Go slowly here when you press upon me the duty of loving him. I retort that I will not be a hypocrite, dissembling an affection I cannot feel. I insist that to advance toward him with a pretense of brotherliness is not only an affront to my sense of decency; it is psychologically hazardous. But if you say that I may become conscious of something I can win for him, some lightness of heart or some gravity of interest that he has lost because of men; and if you propose that I give myself to creating those things in and for him—well, that's different!

Thus conceived, dignity is added to our idea of God when we say God is love. And if in default of this understanding of love our generation has grown cynical or despairing about the redemptive qualities of love, it is not to be wondered at. Perhaps a simple exercise in reading our Bibles might help us recover the vigor and the uplift of the New Testament idea. Read Paul's hymn to love. Substitute the word "romance" for love wherever it appears. Listen: "Romance suffereth long and is kind; romance envieth not, . . . doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil!" Our disillusionment is complete! But read it again, this time inserting "creative" before love wherever it appears. Listen now: "Creative love beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Creative love never faileth." Out of the deeps of eternity moves a cosmic tide to flood all the shallow levels of our spirits!

An old man who had learned the secret, and who was still living creatively in a decadent age—John the Presbyter of Ephesus—once wrote a simple letter to his friends. And here was the summary of a philosophy that had brought him serenity and poise in a turbulent day. As we take slight liberties in translating it he seems to be saying: "Dear friends, let us love one another creatively, for creative love comes from God and everyone who loves creatively is a child of God and knows God. Whoever does not love creatively does not know God, for God is creative love. God's creative love has for us been revealed in this way—that God has sent his only Son into the world to create life in us through him. Dear friends, if God has loved us so, we ought to love one another creatively."

Verse

The Making of the Soul of Man

I AM grown haggard and forlorn, from dreams
That haunt me, of the time that is to be,
When man shall cease from wantonness and strife,
And lay his law upon the course of things.
Then shall he live no more on sufferance,
An accident, the prey of powers blind;
The untamed giants of nature shall bow down—
The tides, the tempest and the lightning cease
From mockery and destruction, and be turned
Unto the making of the soul of man.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

A True Peace

THE old world staggers, but a young, triumphant world is born.
Before the Tower of Babel, sound a clear, resurgent horn
And prophesy the jubilant dawn when a true peace will come!
Make the will of the world your trumpet, the heart of the world your drum!

LUCIA TRENT AND RALPH CHEYNEY.

The Preacher and His Library

By W. P. Lemon

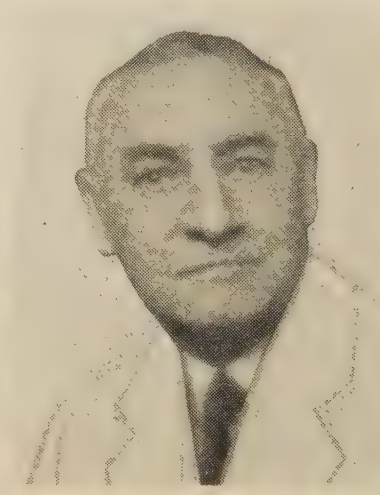
AMIDST the clash of tongues, temperaments and theologies, one might assume that there would be common agreement in the statement that a preacher should know the Bible. Yet if this be the case then it follows that he is both acquainted with the various types of literature and with an appreciation of the rich experiences that come through the medium of language. Is not a volume that contains lyrical, elegiac and dramatic poetry, essay and epithalamium, fable and parable, epistles, memoirs, history, short story and creative fiction a library in itself? Then we may take it for granted that the minister is at home in a library.

When Benjamin Jowett of Oxford, about 1860, laid down the principle that we should "interpret the Scriptures like any other book," it sounded in the ears of his contemporaries as almost an approach to sacrilege. But surely by the same necessity which makes the preacher a man of letters, there is also required a working knowledge of the principles of rhetoric. The science of hermeneutics, the intricacies of higher and lower criticism and the laws of exegesis are not more important to the one who is rightly dividing the word of truth than the distinctions between prose and poetry, the laws of rhetoric and all the conditioning factors of conceptual language.

● *Poetry and the Ineffable*

There comes to the interpreter of all great literature an almost emancipating experience when he has learned to distinguish between thoughts and the speech which is used as a medium of the ineffable. If preachers only recognized the difference between prose and poetry, as it is now given in the Revised Version, Joshua's command to the sun to stand still would have given no more difficulty than Milton's Nature, doffing her gaudy trim and assuming "maiden white" snow for the advent. The speaking man, as Carlyle calls him, sets forth the parallelism in the poetry of the first chapter of Genesis so that the Bible would show us not how the heavens were created, but how to create heaven. He can save the incomparable story of Jonah from becoming a fish story, because of a knowledge of the Midrash in Hebrew literature. He must see that a blood-splash of two hundred miles, hailstones each between one hundred and three hundred pounds in weight, and a city of fifteen hundred miles, either in circumference or in length of one side, make the book of Revelation to be not a Baedeker of heaven and hell, but magnificent impressionistic accounts of sublime realities. We would make verses like Luke 14:26 to be luminous as hyperbole, but which otherwise would be dark and contradictory.

The preacher, once aware of his compulsory membership in the World Association of Letters, becomes conscious of a real apostolic succession which relates him to that first great



W. P. Lemon

evangelist whose sermon began with the words, "Certain of your own poets have said." As a disciple of the Master, who showed consummate skill in the use of aphorism, paradox, parable, allegory and rhythmic speech, he becomes aware that the source of his gospel puts more emphasis upon the soil than even upon the precious seed. Observe how the thirteenth chapter of Matthew stresses the enormous importance of the background of those who hear the word.

● *Expounding Truth by "Indirect Lighting"*

The epithet "preachy" has come to be applied to our profession largely because of the man whom Dickens describes as a Boanerges Boiler. He is the professional vender of ecclesiastical verbiage who preaches *at* his congregation rather than shares things new and old *with* them. No wonder Browning in "The Ring and the Book" insists that art is the one possible way of expounding the truth, because it is given to us obliquely. It is from the great Layman, whom the common people heard gladly, that we get the real inspiration for indirect lighting. He earned the title of Logos because he could articulate thought as well as embody it, and all who learn of him will not be under suspicion of ransacking heaven and earth for "rousements" and applications. They will acquire a new beatitude: Blessed are they who never tag on a moral, for their truth is implicit and intrinsic.

The preacher's library already includes oriental literature to be interpreted to the occident. It is ever his business to connect Old Worlds with New; East with West, and ancient with modern. Therefore there can be nothing human in literature that is alien to him. The whole realm must be appropriated if he is to evaluate the sixty-six books which are the media of his ministry. What a wealth of comparison is found for the classical journey from Egypt to Canaan in the wanderings of Ulysses, the patriotic pilgrimage of Virgil, the quest of Jason, the Pilgrim's Progress, Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad" and Wells's "The Research Magnificent"! Again the satires of Juvenal, the life of Apollonius of Tyana, Lucian's Life of Demonax and Plutarch's Lives would provide admirable collateral reading for the fuller appreciation of the gospels.

● *Illumination from The Classics*

If this miniature library of the minister has inspired records of the recurrent and pivotal moods of the human race, they deserve to be both illustrated and reinforced by secular expressions of the same. Should not the description of old age in Ecclesiastes 12 invite comparison with Cicero's "De Senectute," even as the classic Psalm 139, with its wonderful sense of the divine presence, be read with Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" and Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven"? Then the skeptical moods found in Psalm 73, Jeremiah 12:1-4 and the book of Job call for reference to Lucretius' "De Rerum Natura," Voltaire's "Candide" and Thompson's "City of Dreadful Night." The love motif of the Song of Solomon can be brought down to date in Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and the nature poems of the Old Testament suggest Coleridge's "Hymn Before Sunrise." Bereavement, common to the human family, gives us the "Lycidas" of Milton, the "Adonais" of Shelley, the "Thyrsis" of Arnold, the "Threnody" of Emerson and the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, and

these are but the counterparts of the elegies found in the Bible. How much more real does the messianic hope appear when we discern the adumbrations of an incarnate Redeemer in Aeschylus' "Prometheus Vinctus," of a man of sorrows in Plato's "Republic" (II 362), and of the ideal child in Virgil's "Eclogue IV."

In the furtherance of the gospel that God hath made of one all nations of the earth, the Rev. John Doe is confirmed in his convictions that "as it was in the days of Noah" so is it in our day by reflection upon the basic human relationships. The shallow village-tale called History becomes an extension of our experience when the Adam and Eve relationship is made to include the Isthar and Gilgemesh epic, the story of Isis and Osiris, and the literature that deals with the eternal womanly. Sohrab and Rustrum, Hamlet, Bertran de Born in Dante's "Divine Comedy" are helpful for the father-and-son bond found in David and Absalom and in the parable of the prodigal son; even as the mother-and-son relation in Rizpah and Mary needs comparison and contrast with the stories of Jocasta and Oedipus, Clytemnestra and Orestes, and Oswald and Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's "Ghosts." The preacher's parish of flesh and blood folk is enlarged by those of old time so that he is given the perspective of light without heat.

● *Drama and Life*

What is termed the plot of story and drama must not be thought of as an arbitrary device on the part of the creators of literature. Rather is it something to be reckoned with in the very warp and woof of life itself, and the so-called thirty-one possible plots in the world of letters reflect life itself with all its cryptic and equivocal meanings. It is because the instruments of darkness win us with honest trifle only to betray us in deeper consequence that the preacher is needed to set forth the way of salvation. The plot of "Macbeth," for instance, hinges upon the twofold promise of the witches that none of woman born should harm Macbeth, and that he should prove invulnerable until Burnam's wood draws nigh, and it was this that made vaunting ambition overleap itself.

● *Literature as Reflecting Changing Emphases*

The Bible contains this same element of plot, and the conflict between Israel and the nations in the Old Testament is balanced by the struggle between Christ and Antichrist in the New Testament. Just as the blindness of the "chosen" people to the deeper meaning of the "seed of Abraham" occasioned the first tragedy, the inability to recognize God in the human brought about the second, and salvation is proclaimed for all those who, through transcendence of space and time, can share the spirit of one who has become Lord both of the dead and the living.

From the library of the preacher there should come also a vivid sense of the ebb and flow of life; for here, and not in contemporary fads and fashions, there is found an awareness of the changed emphasis upon human salvation. In the fourteenth century "Divine Comedy" we find redemption set forth as a state of contemplation which differs *toto caelo* from the militant virtues extolled some two centuries later in Spenser's "Faery Queen." What a gulf is fixed between the individualistic salvation found in Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," of the seventeenth century, and the social and humanistic ideal in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," which came in the nineteenth century. Then again how antithetical is the deliverance of Goethe's "Faust," who tricks the everlasting nay of the universe through conscious volition,

> Who e'er aspiring, struggles on
> For him there is salvation,

and Thomas Hardy's twentieth century epic "The Dynasts," where the will to live becomes tragic just because the "unconscious" Absolute becomes conscious.

We hope the foregoing plea for an extended library in these days, when books are more accessible than ever, may not put preachers "up in the air" in the cloud-cuckoo-land where Aristophanes placed Socrates. Much less do we wish it to be construed as prescribing a diet of ink for the hungry sheep who look up and are not fed. It is suggested as a fulcrum outside the conventional walls to move the city, and in order that another "Kingdom of Man" should be brought into captivity to the Kingdom of God and to the obedience of Christ.

Timely Verse

Who Will Build the World Anew?

WHO will build the world anew?
Who will break tradition's chains?
Who will smite the power of gold?
Who will chant the Spirit's gains?

War and hatred, let them go!
Caste and creed have had their day;
Pride and lust shall lose their power—
Who will find the better way?

Who will preach that might is weak?
Who will teach that love is power?
Who will find the Master—lost?
This his day and this his hour.

Faithless priests and warring lords
Are as Babylon and Tyre:
This the day of prophet hosts
Shouting truth in words of fire.

Who will live to slay the false?
Who will die to prove the true?
Who will claim the earth for God?
Who will build the world anew?

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

This Is the Making of Man

FLAME of the spirit and dust of the earth—
This is the making of man;
This is his problem of birth:
Born to all holiness, born to all crime,
Heir to both worlds, on the long slope of time,
Climbing the path of God's plan.
Dust of the earth in his error and fear,
Weakness and malice and lust;
Yet, quivering up from the dust,
Flame of the spirit, upleaping and clear,
Yearning to God, since from God is his birth—
This is man's portion, to shape as he can,
Flame of the spirit and dust of the earth—
This is the making of man.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

The Voice of God

I SOUGHT to hear the voice of God
And climbed the topmost steeple.
But God declared: "Go down again,
I dwell among the people."

LOUIS I. NEWMAN.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

ORDAINED in the Baptist ministry in 1904, Rev. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK was pastor of the First church, Montclair, N. J., from the year of his ordination until 1915. He became instructor in homiletics at Union Theological seminary, New York, in 1908 and continued his teaching in that department until 1915, when he became professor of practical theology in the seminary. He still holds that chair, and has for many years ministered to the famous Riverside church, in New York city.

Rev. HALFORD E. LUCCOCK *was ordained* in the Methodist ministry in 1910, and spent several years in pastoral work and in teaching—at Hartford and Drew seminaries. From 1919 to 1924 he was editorial secretary of the Methodist board of foreign missions, and during the following four years was contributing editor of the Christian Advocate. Since 1928 Dr. Luccock has been professor of homiletics in Yale university divinity school.

Beginning his preaching career in 1908, when he was ordained in the Congregational ministry, Rev. ROBERT RUSSELL WICKS was pastor of the Arlington Avenue Presbyterian church, East Orange, N. J., and later of the Second Congregational church, Holyoke, Mass.; he was also chaplain of Mt. Holyoke college from 1925 to 1928. Since 1929 he has been dean of the chapel at Princeton university.

Rev. ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE *has been* minister of the First Methodist church, Evanston, Ill., since 1918. Earlier pastorates were in Christiansburg, Dayton, Delaware and Columbus, O. He is a member of the board of trustees of Northwestern university.

PAUL HUTCHINSON *is managing editor* of The Christian Century.

Rev. EDWIN MCNEILL POTEAT, JR., *has* for a number of years ministered at the Pullen Memorial Baptist church in Raleigh, N. C. He is widely popular as a speaker before college audiences. Mr. Poteat is also a poet.

Rev. ALBERT W. PALMER *is president of* the Chicago Theological seminary.

W. P. LEMON *is minister of the First* Presbyterian church, Ann Arbor, Mich.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

H. RALPH HIGGINS, St. Mark's Episcopal, Grand Rapids, Mich. "Some Have No Memorial." Ecclesiasticus 44: 9, 14—"And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished, as though they had never been. . . . Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore."

HAROLD J. HUMBERT, First Christian, Independence, Kan. "What All the World Desires." 1 Cor. 12:21—"Desire earnestly the greater gifts."

CHARLES F. BANNING, Baptist, Richmond Hill, N. Y. "Yes-Men." Mark 14:31—"And they all said the same."

A. PAUL WRIGHT, Second Reformed, Tarrytown, N. Y. "Slayers of Dreams." Gen. 37:19—"Behold this dreamer . . . let us slay him."

OTTO LIEBNER, Bethlehem Methodist, Evansville, Ind. "An Adequate Relief Program." Matthew 5:6—". . . they that hunger . . . shall be filled."

BENJAMIN F. SCHWARTZ, First Methodist, Muscatine, Ia. "Building Fool-Proof Homes." Psalm 127:1a—"Unless the Eternal builds the house, workmen build in vain." (Moffatt.)

WILLIAM F. HASTINGS, First Congregational, Ithaca, N. Y. "God's Reputation and Ours." Psalm 23:3b—"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

OSCAR CHINDBERG, Swedish Methodist, Duluth, Minn. "Too Much of a Good Thing." Luke 9:33b—"We are thankful that we are here. Let us put up three tents." (Weymouth.)

WESLEY V. HITE, First Methodist, Iowa Park, Texas. "An Adequate Religion." Matthew 5:20—"For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven."

VICTOR B. CHICOINE, First Congregational, Winter Park, Fla. "Discipline and the Upright Life." Hebrews 12:11—"Discipline always seems for the time to be a thing of pain, not of joy; but those who are trained by it reap the fruit of it afterwards in the peace of an upright life." (Moffatt.)

FRANKLIN P. HARRIS, First Methodist, Barton, Md. "Making Life Straight." Luke 3:5—"Every valley shall be filled and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall become straight and the rough ways smooth."

H. W. WARE, St. Paul's Methodist, South, Clarksburg, W. Va. "The Last, the Least, and the Lost." Matt. 19:30—"But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first." Matt. 25:40—"One of the least of these my brethren." Luke 19:10—"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

Title of sermon

. . . . . .

Text used (Write out the text)

. . . . . .

Name of minister

. . . . . .

Name of church

. . . . . .

Address

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

I HAVE JUST come home from a trip which touched Europe, Africa and Asia—all around the Mediterranean—to find the navy of the United States engaged in prolonged, vastly expensive and, despite all assurances to the contrary, threatening maneuvers in Pacific waters. This seems to make it unanimous! Everywhere that I went in all three continents marching soldiers were the most conspicuous feature of the human scene. In the French possessions of northern Africa, in Egypt, in Palestine and Syria, in Turkey, in Greece, in Italy and in Spain, the air was vibrant with preparations for war and the expectation of war. Everybody knows what is going on in the countries of Europe which I did not visit. The war demon is abroad in the world. And our nation is playing its "war game" in an area which brings it just as close to the home waters of the Japanese fleet as could be contrived without being unquestionably provocative. As I was leaving the United States a loud protest was going up at these proposed maneuvers. It seems that this protest was appeased by the announcement that the maneuvers would not be permitted to approach within 2,000 miles of Japan. But the churches and citizens who were behind the great volume of protest were tricked by the war department. By "Japan" was meant only the mainland; the maneuvers are being held, as was originally planned, to defend the Aleutian islands; which means that they are held in Japan's front yard. On the other side of the shield are the meetings being held in Chicago, New York and other cities in which anti-war convictions are being expressed with more intense determination than ever. We pacifists may yet be put to the test.

Maneuvering Toward War

The Book of the Month

SOCIAL SALVATION, *by John C. Bennett. Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.00.*

THE Christian mind is disquieted today by its sense of the inadequacy of its conception of salvation. There is a general awakening from the complacency and undue optimism which characterized our thinking during the generation preceding the great war. The idea of salvation tended in that period to be absorbed by the idea of progress. But there is a more poignant awakening from the smug satisfaction in which evangelical orthodoxy had conceived salvation as a matter practically limited to the inner life of the individual. Sin is coming back into our thinking—coming back with a realism which it did not have in the optimistic theology of, let us say, Lyman Abbott, and in a context which was unknown to the orthodox evangelism of, let us say, D. L. Moody. We are no longer comfortable in any use of the word "sin" which limits it to the individual in disregard of the social context within which the individual lives. And with the clarifying and extension of our conception of sin there is coming a clarifying and extension of our conception of salvation. Now comes one of our younger theologians, Dr. John C. Bennett, of Auburn, with his book—I think it is his first—"Social Salvation." Professor Bennett faces this issue of sin and salvation with great sincerity of mind, and with independent and steady insight. He insists upon the relevance of Jesus for modern life, and answers the objection that we can get no help from Jesus because he and his age with their apocalyptic ideas were so different from us and our age. I have no space to make a discriminating review of this book, which, I think, marks the most advanced position yet taken by our thinkers who are exploring this field. It is not a final statement, not final even for its brilliant and well-poised author, but it marks progress. It is not only for ministers the book of the month, but one of the most important books of the year.

A Thought for the Month

WE PROTESTANTS greatly need to look with fresh eyes upon the Christian church, that institution which emerged with the vanishing of Jesus from the earthly scene and which has persisted, despite many vicissitudes and schisms, down to our own day. We have allowed our conception of the church to grow thin and shallow. With us the church is hardly more than a pragmatic or sentimental association. It is a mechanism for gettings things done, or a more or less casual grouping of likeminded people for cultural and benevolent purposes hardly distinguishable from a masonic lodge or a social club. A church so conceived is doomed to an adventitious and precarious existence. Its vigor will depend upon the momentary and capricious good will of its members. A church whose significance is local, and whose sustaining motives are local, is bound to seem feeble and uncertain. Our denominationalism is both the effect and the cause of our unspiritual conception of the church. The denomination has eclipsed the church. When we say "church," we think of *our* church not of *the* church. True, there is a kind of ghostly entity which hovers about our minds—we name it the "church invisible." But it makes no claim upon us. It is our denominations and our local congregations which make claims upon us. But these evoke only a superficial and pragmatic loyalty. The present crisis in civilization can be met only by a church which thinks of itself as the veritable body of Christ, with all that this great concept implies as to catholicity, unity, independence of secular institutions, and unique responsibility for the fulfilment of human aspirations in a civilization worthy to be called a Christendom. Because the church of Rome has abused the idea of catholicity, we Protestants are timid about affirming it. It is time to abandon this timidity and declare with a new emphasis and a deeper insight: "I believe in the holy catholic church."

Protestantism Must Learn Catholicity

Charles Clayton Morrison

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